



EMBELLISHED QUARTERLY, WITH A HANDSOME ENGRAVING.

VOL. VII. [III. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, APRIL 23, 1831.

NO. 24.

POPULAR TALES.

THE DEMON SHIP;

The Pirate of the Mediterranean.

(Continued.)

The self-possession of men of the world generally increases in proportion to the embarrassment of those they address; yet I confess my heart began to beat quick and high as taking advantage of Margaret's silence, I began to tell my own history.—Francillon had, I observed, arrived in India animated in his endeavours to obtain fortune and preferment by one of the dearest and purest motives which can incite the human bosom. Here Margaret turned round with a something of dignified displeasure, which seemed to reprobate this little delicate allusion to her past history. I proceeded as though I marked not her emotion.—Francillon was, I proceeded, under an engagement to a young and lovely compatriot, whose image was, even too closely, the idol of his bosom, but whose name, from natural and sacred feeling, had never passed his lip to human being. Here I thought Margaret seemed to breathe again. So I told my history simply and feelingly, and painted my grief on hearing of the death of Margaret with such depth of colouring, that I had well nigh identified the narrator with the subject of his biography. I am sure my companion was moved and surprised; but recovering herself, she said in a peculiar tone, with which an assumed carelessness in vain struggled. 'It is singular that a married man should have thus grieved over the object of an extinguished attachment.' There hath been foul play in two ways between Margaret and myself, thought I. 'Captain Francillon,' I observed aloud, 'was not married until five years after the period we speak of—when he gave his hand to one of whom I trust he has too much manly feeling ever to speak save with the tender respect she merited, but to whom he candidly confessed that he brought but a blighted heart, the better half of whose affections lay buried in the grave of her who had first inspired them.' In vain I sought to perceive what effect this

disclosure had on my companion. Her face seemed studiously averted. The calm was profound; every breeze seemed to have died on the deep. It could not, therefore, be the night-air that so violently agitated the white raiment of Margaret.

I continued my history;—brought myself to Malta, and placed myself on board an *English vessel*. Here, I confess, my courage half-failed me; but I went on.—'Francillon,' I said, 'now began to realize his return to his native land.' On the first night of his voyage he threw himself, in a meditative mood, on the deck, and half in thought, half in dreams, recalled former scenes. But there was one form which recreated by a faithful memory, constantly arose before his imagination. He dreamed, too, a something—I know not what—of a pilgrimage to the lone grave of her he had loved and lost; and then a change came upon his slumbering fancy, and he seemed to be ploughing some solitary and dismal sea; but even there a form appeared to him, whose voice thrilled on his ear and whose eye, though it had waxed cold to him, made his heart heave with strange emotion.—He awoke—but oh!—the vision vanished not. Still in the moonlight he saw her who had risen on his dreams.—Francillon started up. The figure he gazed on hastily retreated. He followed her in time to raise her from the fall her precipitate flight had occasioned, and discovered, with sensations which for a moment well nigh overpowered him, that she whom he beheld was indeed the object of his heart's earliest and best feelings—was Margaret Cameron! I believe my respiration almost failed me as I thus ended. I spoke passionately, and uncovered my head when I uttered the concluding words. Margaret sprang to her feet with astonishment and emotion. 'Is it possible!—have I then the pleasure to see—I am sure—I am most fortunate—' again and again began Margaret. But her efforts at calmness, at ease, and even politeness, all failed her; and re-seating herself, she covered her face with her hands, and gave way to an honest flood of tears. I was

delighted; yet I felt I had placed her in an embarrassing situation. Seating myself, therefore by her, and taking her hand, rather with the air of an elder brother than of a suitor—'Margaret,' I said, ('if, as an early friend both of you and your father, you will again allow me thus to call you,) I fear I have been somewhat abrupt with you. Forgive me if I have been too bold in thus forcing on you the history of one for whom I have little reason and less right to suppose you still are interested. Bury in oblivion some passages in it, and forgive the biographer if he have expanded a little too freely on feelings which may be unacceptable to your ear.' I stretched out my hand as I spoke, and we warmly shook hands, as two old friends in the first moment of meeting.

I had been longing to know somewhat of Margaret's own history,—wherefore she had visited Malta, &c; but she seemed to have no intention of gratifying my curiosity, and I only too feelingly divined that her parents' altered circumstances had sent her out the humble companion of the Countess of Falcondale. 'I am aware,' I said, smiling, 'that I have more than one old acquaintance in this vessel; and, in truth, when I heard that my former friend—I had nearly said enemy—The Countess of Falcondale, was on board, I felt half inclined to relinquish the voyage.'—Margaret hesitated—then said half-smiling, half-sad, 'I cannot *autobio graphize* as my friend has done. But—but—perhaps you heard of the unhappy state of my dear parent's affairs—and his daughter was prevailed on to take a step—perhaps a false one. Well—well, I cannot tell my history. Peace be with the dead!—every filial, every *conjugal* feeling consecrate their ashes!—but make yourself easy; my *mother-in-law* is not here. You will find but one dowager countess in this vessel, and she now shakes your hand, and bids to you a good night.' Margaret hastily disappeared as she spoke, and left me in a state—But I will tease no one with my half dream-like feelings on that night.

Well, I failed not to visit my *noble* fellow-passenger on the morrow; and day after day, while we lay on those becalmed waves, I renewed my intercourse with Margaret. It can easily be divined that she had come abroad with a husband, who, dying, had there left her a widow, and—alas! for me—a rich widow. If the limits of my little manuscript would allow, I could tell a long tale of well-managed treachery and deception how the ill-natured countess suffered me to remain in the belief that the death of Captain Cameron's niece, which occurred at A——, shortly after my departure, was that of my own Margaret; how; in her character of the supreme manager of the paralytic officer's affairs she kept my letter for her own exclusive eye; how she worked on Margaret's feelings to bring about a marriage with the Earl of Falcondale, in the hope of again acquiring a maternal footing

in her son's house, and the right of managing a portionless and now broken-spirited daughter-in-law; how Margaret held out stoutly until informed of my broken faith; and how the marriage was kept from the public papers. For the countess, although I feel assured that there was a something inexpressibly soothing in her feelings in thus over-reaching and punishing one who had so often mortified her self-importance,—yet I do believe that the love of concealment, and *management*, and plotting, and bringing things about by her own exclusive agency, was, after all, the *primum mobile* in this affair. She had too little feeling herself even to conceive the pang she was inflicting on me, and she doubtless considered herself the supreme benefactor of Margaret.

One night, after we had been standing for some time, contemplating the unrivalled blue of a southern summer sky, I thought as I bade the Countess a good night, that I perceived a light breeze arising. This I remarked to her and she received the observation with a pleasure which found no correspondent emotion in my bosom. As I descended to my birth, I fancied I descried among the sailors one Girod Jaqueminot whose face I had not before remarked. He was a Frenchman, to whom I had during my residence abroad, rendered some signal services, and who, though but a wild fellow, had sworn to me eternal gratitude. He skulked, however, behind his fellows, and did not now, it appeared, choose to recognize his benefactor.

I believe I slept profoundly that night. When I awoke there was a sound of dashing waves against the vessel, and a bustle of sailors voices, and a blustering noise of wind among the sails and rigging; and I soon perceived that our ship was scudding before a stiff, nay, almost stormy gale. I peeped through the seaward opening of my little cabin. The scene was strangely changed. It was scarcely dawn. Dim and grey clouds obscured the heaven I had so recently gazed on. I looked for the white sails of our accompanying vessels, and our convoy. All had disappeared. We seemed alone on those leaden-coloured billows. At this moment I heard a voice in broken English say, 'Confound—while I reef those tammed topsails my pipe go out.'—'Light it again then at the binnacle, Monseer,' said a sailor.—'Yes and be hanged to de yard-arm by our coot captain for firing de sheep. Comment faire Sacre-blue! I cannot even *tink* vidout my pipe. De tought! Monsieur in de leetle coop dere have always the lamp patent burning for hees lecture. He sleeps now I go enter gently—light my pipe.' He crept into my cabin as he spoke. 'How is this, my friend?' said I, speaking in French; 'does not your captain know that we are out of sight of convoy?' Girod answered in his native language,—'Oh! that I had seen you sooner. You think, perhaps I have forgotten all I owe you? No—no—but 'tis too late now!' The man's face shewed so much horror and anguish,

that I was startled. He pointed to the horizon. On its very verge one sail was yet visible. A faint rolling noise came over the water. 'It is the British frigate,' said Girod, 'firing to us to put about, and keep under convoy. But our captain has no intention of obeying the signal; and if you get out of sight of that one distant sail, you are lost.'— 'Think you, then, that the Demon Ship is in these seas?' said I anxiously. Girod came close to me. With a countenance of remorse and despair which I can never forget he grasped my arm, and held it towards heaven.— 'Look up to God!' he whispered; '*you are on board the Demon Ship!*' A step was heard near the cabin, and Girod was darting from it; but I held him by the sleeve. 'For Heaven's sake for miladi's sake, for your own sake,' he whispered, 'let not a look, a word, show that you are acquainted with this secret. If our captain knew I had betrayed it, we should at this moment be rolling fathom deep over one another in the ocean. All I can do is to try and gain time for you. But be prudent, or you are lost!' He precipitately quitted the cabin as he spoke, leaving me in doubt whether I were awake or dreaming. When I thought how long and how fearlessly the 'Elizabeth,' had lain amid the trading vessels at Valetta, and how she had sailed from that port under a powerful convoy, I was almost tempted to believe that Girod had been practising a joke on me. As however, I heard voices near I determined to lie still, and gather what information I could. 'What have you been doing there!' said a voice I never heard before, and whose ruffianly tones could hardly be subdued by his efforts at a whisper, 'my pipe go out,' answered Girod Jaqueminot, 'and I not an imprudent to light it at de beenacle. So I go hold it over de lamp of Monsieur, and he sleep, sleep, snore, snore all de while, and know noting. I have never seed one man dorme so profound.

I now heard the voices of the captain, Girod, and the ruffian in close and earnest parlance. The expletives that graced it shall be omitted. But what first confirmed my fears was the hearing our captain obsequiously address the ruffian-speaker as commander of the vessel, while the former received from his companion the familiar appellative of Jack. They were walking the deck, and their whispered speech only reached me as they from time to time approached my cabin, and was again lost as they receded. I thought, however that Girod seemed, by stopping occasionally, as if in the vehemence of speech, to draw them, as much as possible, towards my cabin. I then listened with an intenseness which made me fear to breathe. 'But again I say, Jack,' said the voice of the real captain, 'what are we to do with these fine passengers of ours? I am sick of this stage-play work; and the men are tired, by this time of being kept down in the hold. We shall have them mutiny if we stifle

them much longer below. Look how that sail is sinking on the horizon. She can never come up with us now. There is eight good sacks in the forecastle, and we can spare them due ballast. That would do the job decently enough for our passengers—ha! Here there was something jocose in the captain's tone. 'Oh! mine goot captain you are man of speerit,' observed Jaqueminot; 'but were it not wise to see dat sail no more, before we shew dat we no vile merchanters, but men of de trade dat make de money by de valor.'— 'There is something in that,' observed Jack; 'if the convoy come up, and our passengers be missing, 'tis over with us. We can no longer pass for a trader; and to hoist the Demon colours, and turn to with frigate and sloop both, were to put rash odds against us.'— 'And de coot sacks wasted for nothing,' said Jaqueminot with a cool ingenuity that contrasted curiously with his vehement and horror-stricken manner in my cabin. 'Better to wait one day—two day—parblue! tree day—than spoil our sport by de precipitation.'— 'I grudge the keeping of these dainty passengers all this while,' said the captain roughly;—my lady there, with her chickens, and her conserves and her pasties; and Mr. Mollyflower captain here, with his bottles of port and claret, and cups of chocolate and Mocha coffee. Paying too, forsooth! with such princely airs for every thing, as if we held not his money in our own hands already. Hunted as we then were, 'twas no bad way of blinding government by passing for traders, and getting monied passengers on board: but it behooves us to think what's to be done now?'— 'My opinion is,' said Jack, 'that as we have already put such violence on our habits, we keep up the farce another day or two until we get into clear seas again. That vessel yonder, still keeps on the horizon, and she has good glasses on board.'— 'And the men?' asked the captain. 'I had rather, without more debate, go into this henpen here, and down into the cabin below and in a quiet way do for our passengers, than stand the chance of a mutiny among the crew.' Here my very blood curdled in my veins. 'Dat is goot, and like mine brave captain,' said the Frenchman; 'and yet Monsieur Jean say well mosh danger kill at present; but why not have de crew *above* deck vidout making no attention to de voyagers. Dey take not no notice. Milada tink but of moon, and stars, and book; and for de *sleeping Lyon dere*, it were almost pity to cut his throat in any case. He ver coot faillo; like we chosen speerit. Sacre-blue; I knew him a boy.'— '[I had never seen the fellow until I was on the wrong side of my thirtieth birthday.]— 'Always for de mischief—stealing apples, beating his school-fellows, and odor little speerited tricks. At last he was expell de school. I say not this praise from no love to him; for he beat me one, two time, when I secretaire to his uncle; and den run off vid

my soodheart—so I ver well please make him bad turn.’—‘Well then, suppose the men come on deck half at a time,’ said the captain; and we’ll keep the prisoners—Heaven help us! the passengers—till the sea be clear, may be till sunset.’—‘Look, look!’ said Jack, ‘the frigate gains on us; I partly see her hull, and the wind slackens.’ I now put my glass, which was a remarkably good one, through my little window, and could distinctly see the sails and rigging and part of the hull of our late convoy. I could perceive that many of her crew were aloft; but the motion of our vessel was so great that the frigate was sometimes on and sometimes off the glass; and I was therefore unable to discover whether she were hoisting or taking in sail. It was a comfortable sight however, to see a friendly power apparently so near; and there was a feeling of hopeless desolation when on removing the glass, the vessel, whose men I could almost have counted before, shrank to a dim, grey speck on the horizon. The captain uttered an infernal oath, and called aloud to his sailors, ‘Seamen—ahoy—ahoy! Make all the sail ye can. Veer out the main-sheet—top-sails unreefed—royals and sky-sails up!’ &c. &c.] ‘Stretch every stitch of canvas. Keep her to the wind—keep her to the wind!’ I was surprised to find that our course was suddenly changed, as the vessel, which had previously driven before the breeze, was now evidently sailing with a side-wind.

The noise of rattling cables, the trampling of sailors’ feet on deck, and the increased blustering of the wind in the crowded sails, now overcame every other sound. The Demon Ship was of course, made for fast sailing, and she now drove onward at a rate almost incredible. She literally flew like a falcon over the waves. Once more I turned to the horizon. God of mercy! the frigate again began to sink upon the waters.

And how shall I waste words in telling what were my feelings during the hour of horrors I have described? I felt as one who had dreamed himself in security and awoke in the infernal regions. I felt that in a few hours I might not only be butchered in cold blood myself, but might see Margaret—that was the thought that unmanned me. I tried to think if any remedy yet remained, if aught lay in our power to avert our coming fate. Nothing offered itself. I felt that we were entirely in the power of the Demon Buccaneers. I saw that all that Girod could do was to gain a few hours delay. Oh! when we stand suddenly, but assuredly, on the verge of disembodied existence, who can paint that strange revulsion of feeling which takes place in the human bosom! I had never been one who held it a duty to conceal from any human being that approaching crisis of his destiny which will usher him before the tribunal of his Maker; and my earnest desire now was to inform Margaret as quickly as possible of

her coming fate. But after Girod’s parting injunction I feared to precipitate the last fatal measures by any step that might seem taken with reference to them. I therefore lay still until morning was further advanced. I then arose and left my cabin. It was yet scarcely broad day, but many a face I had not before seen met my eye, many a countenance, whose untameable expression of ferocity had doubtless been deemed, even by the ruffian commander himself, good reason for hitherto keeping them from observation. All on the quarter-deck was quiet. The skylight of the cabin was closed, and it seemed that the countess and her female attendants were still enjoying a calm and secure repose. I longed to descend and arouse them from a sleep which was soon to be followed by a deeper slumber but the step would have been hazardous and I therefore walked up and down the quarter-deck, sometimes anxiously watching for the removal of the skylight, sometimes casting a furtive glance towards the evidently increasing crew on deck, whilst ever and anon my soul rose in prayer to its God, and spread its fearful cause before him.

I had now an opportunity of discovering the real nature of my sentiments towards Margaret. They stood the test which overthrows many a summer-day attachment. I felt that, standing as my soul now was on the verge of its everlasting fate, it lost not one of its feelings of tenderness. They had assumed indeed, a more sacred character, but they were not diminished. The sun arose, and the countess appeared on deck. I drew her to the stern of the vessel, so that her back was to the crew and there divulged the fearful secret which so awfully concerned her. At first the woman only appeared in Margaret; her cheek was pale, her lips bloodless, and respiration seemed almost lost in terror and overpowering astonishment. She, soon, however gained comparative self-possession. ‘I must be alone for a few moments,’ she said. ‘Perhaps you will join me below in a brief hour.’ She enveloped her face in her shawl to hide its agitation from the crew, and hastily descended to her cabin. When I joined her at the time she had appointed, a heavenly calm had stolen over her countenance. She held out one hand to me, and pointing upwards with the other, said, ‘I have not implored in vain. Come and sit by me, my friend; our moments seem numbered on earth, but, oh! what an interminable existence stretches beyond it. In such a moment as this how do we feel the necessity of some better stay than aught our own unprofitable lives can yield. Margaret’s bible lay before her. It was open at the history of *His* suffering on whom her soul relied. She summoned her maidens, and we all read and prayed together. Her attendants were two sisters, of less exalted mind than their mistress, but whose piety trembling and lowly, was equally genuine. They sat locked in one another’s arms, pale and weeping.

It was a difficult day to pass, urged by prudence, and the slender remain of hope, to appear with our wonted bearing before the crew. We felt, too, that there was something suspicious in our remaining so long together, but we found it almost impossible to loose our grasp on each other's hands and separate. Too plain indications that our sentence was at length gone forth soon began to show themselves. Our scanty breakfast had been served early in the morning, with a savage carelessness of manner that ominously contrasted with the over-done attentions we had before received, and the non-appearance of any subsequent meal, though day waned apace, fearfully proved to us that the demon captain now held further ceremony with his doomed passengers useless. Margaret held me to her with a gentle and trembling tenacity that rendered it difficult for me to leave her even for a moment; but I felt the duty of ascertaining whether any aid yet appeared in view, or whether Girod could effect aught for us. I walked towards evening round the quarter-deck—not a sail was to be seen on the horizon. I endeavoured to speak to Girod, but he seemed studiously and fearfully to avoid me. The captain was above, and the deck was thronged. I believe this desperate crew was composed of 'all people, nations, and languages.' Once only I met Girod's eye as he passed me quickly in assisting to hoist a sail. He looked me fixedly and significantly in the face. It was enough; that expressive regard said, 'Your sentence hath gone forth!' I instantly descended to the cabin, and my fellow victims read in my countenance the extinction of hope. We now fastened the door, I primed my pistols, and placed them in my bosom, and clinging to one another we waited our fate. It was evident that the ship had been put about, and that we were sailing in a different direction; for the sun, which had before set over the bows of the vessel, now sent his parting rays into the stern windows. Margaret put her hand into mine with a gentle confidence, which our circumstances then warranted, and I held her close to me. She stretched out her other hand to her female attendants, who clinging close together each held a hand of their mistress. 'Dear Edward!' said Margaret, grasping my arm. It was almost twelve years since I had heard these words from her lips; but it now seemed as if there were between us a mutual, though tacit understanding of our feelings for each other. Unrestrained, at such a moment, by the presence of the domestics, Margaret and I used the most endearing expressions, and, like a dying husband and wife, bade solemn farewell to each other. We all then remained silent, our quick beating hearts raised in prayer, and our ear open to every sound that seemed to approach the cabin. Perhaps the uncertain nature of the death we were awaiting rendered its approach more fearful. The ocean must undoubtedly be our grave; but whether the wave, the cord, the pistol or

the dagger would be the instrument of our destruction we knew not; whether something like mercy would be shown by our butchers in the promptness of execution, or whether they might take a ruffian pleasure in inflicting a lingering pain. Had Margaret or I been alone in these awful circumstances, I believe this thought would not have occupied us a moment; but to be doomed to be spectators of the butchery of those we love, makes the heart recoil in horror from the last crisis, even when it believes that the sword of the assassins will prove the key of the gate of heaven.

The sun sunk in the waters, and the last tinge of crimson faded on the waves that now rolled towards the stern windows in dun and dismal billows. The wind, as is often the case at sunset, died on the ocean. At this moment I heard the voice of the captain—'To the top of the mainmast, Jack, and see if there be any sail on the horizon.' The group of victims in the cabin scarcely drew breath while waiting a reply which would decide their fate. We distinguished the sound of feet running up the shrouds. A few moments elapsed ere the answer was received. At length we heard a—'Well, Jack, well?'—which was followed by the springing of a man on deck, and the words, 'Not a sail within fifty miles, I'll be sworn.'—'Well, then, do the work below!' was the reply.—'But (with an oath) don't let's have any squealing or squalling. Finish them quietly. And take all the trumpery out of the cabin, for we shall hold revel there to night.' A step now came softly down the cabin stairs, and a hand tried the door, but found it fastened. I quitted Margaret and placed myself at the entrance of the cabin. 'Whoever,' said I, 'attempts to come into this place does it at peril of his life. I fire the instant the latch is raised.'—A voice said. 'Laissez moi entrer donc.' I hesitated for a moment, and then unfastened the door. Girod entered, and locked it after him. He dragged in with him four strings, with heavy stones appended to them, and the same number of sacks. The females sank on the floor. In the twinkling of an eye Girod rolled up the carpet of the cabin, and took up the trap-door, which every traveller knows is to be found in the cabins of merchantmen. 'In—in,' he said in French to the countess and myself. I immediately descended, received Margaret into my arms, and was holding them out for the other females, when the trap-door was instantly closed and bolted, the carpet laid down, the cabin door unlocked, and Girod called out.—'Here you, Harry, Jack, how call you yourselves, I've done for two of them. I can't manage no more. Dat tammed Captain Lyon, when I stuff him in de sack; he almost brake de arm.' Heavy feet trampling over the cabin floor, with a sound of scuffling and struggling, were now heard over our head. A stifled shriek, which died into a deep groan, succeeded—then two heavy plashes into the water, with the bubbling

noise of something sinking beneath the waves ; and the fate of the two innocent sisters was decided. 'Where's Monsieur Girod?' at length said a rough voice.—'Oh, he's gone above,' was the reply; 'thinks himself too good to kill any but *quality*.' 'No, no,' answered the other, 'I'm Girod's through to the backbone—the funniest fellow of the crew. But he had a private quarrel against that captain down at the bottom of the sea there, so he asks our commander not to let any body lay hands on him but himself. A very natural thing to ask. There—close that locker, heave out the long table, there'll be old revel here to-night.—At this moment Girod again descended. 'All hands aloft, ma lads,' he cried, 'make no attention to de carpet dere—matters not, for I must fairst descend, and give out de farine for pasty. We have no more cursed voyagers, so may make revel here to naight vidout no incommodes.' He soon descended with a light into our wooden dungeon.

(Concluded in our next.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE SMILES AND TEARS OF APRIL.

The division of the seasons was distinctly marked out by Nature, before they were notched down by man. The months have all their several and defined characteristics; and April only, is known as the period, the characteristics of which, not being precisely known, cannot be precisely delineated. It is literally the season of caprice—emblematical of young Women's affections, and young Gentlemen's vows—Dowager's tears, &c.—and—our fortunes. We remember to have this peculiarity in April accounted for in a way by no means unpoetical. We got the matter from some old Book, or some young Lady—both very charming companions at all times, though neither exactly in our recollection now. Nature once (said they—the Book or Lady) being somewhat divided in the measure of her regard for her several children, the seasons—and grand-children, the months; and not being disposed to exhibit any thing like an undue partiality for any one of them in particular, determined upon assigning to them certain periods of time, when each of them might visit her singly, and without dread of encroachment or intrusion from any of the others. A certain day was accordingly set aside when they were all required to appear before her, in order to be informed as to the future division of their time. A general notice having been given, the great mother took her seat upon a high mountain, and her children began to gather around her.—All were there, the seasons and the months—April only excepted, from among the latter. They waited for some time for the appearance of the stray grand-child, until they grew impatient, and Nature proceeded to the divisions of her time among the rest. We all knew what their several assignments were—April only, being

absent at the distribution, got none. She had just concluded her labors, when the wanderer made her appearance. She was a beautiful child, with light hair and blue eyes, of a capricious step, and carried about her an air of that indescribable grace and sweetness, which we so much admire in female youth, just at its entrance into womanhood. In her hand, she carried a wreath of the choicest and most beautiful flowers. 'Where hast thou been, idle one,' said her mother, hastily, 'when I was distributing my favors among the rest of my children. Thou now hast nothing. I have no time to allot thee—I can see thee no more.'

The tear glistened upon the cheek of the child, and her heart was full. 'Oh mother' she cried, 'revoke thy decree. I have been no laggard, but I would not come to thee empty handed. See these flowers—I have sought them over land and over sea—in wild and in valley, and I have framed them into a beautiful wreath to encircle thy brows. Forgive me then, dearest mother, and revoke thy cruel sentence.'

Nature grew touched at this unlooked for tenderness and affection, on the part of the beautiful child, and taking her in her arms, she exclaimed—'I cannot revoke my decree, thou truant, but I will place thee under the care of Spring, who shall always bring thee along with her; the flowers which thou hast gathered for me, I bind upon thy own forehead, and thou shalt always wear them.' Thus April rejoiced with many smiles, whilst the tears yet trembled on her eye-lashes. And for this cause, divided between sorrow and joy, comes she at her own season to pay her devotions to Nature, with a wreath of choice and various flowers upon her head, and a strange union of tears and smiles upon her capricious countenance.—*Charleston City Gazette.*

The Irish Soldier.—Some time before the breaking up of the British head quarters at Cambray, an Irish Soldier, a private in the 23d regiment of foot, was convicted for shooting at, and robbing a French peasant, and was in consequence sentenced to be hanged. On arriving at the place of execution, he addressed the spectators in a stentorian voice, as follows: 'Bad luck to the Duke of Wellington! he's no—Irishman's friend any way. I have killed many score of Frenchmen by his orders, and when I just took it in my head to kill one upon my own account, by the powers he has taken me up for it.'

Kean, from early manhood, has had an internal complaint, for which he has always been his own physician, and prescribed that sovereign balm called 'brandy,' from which he generally finds relief; at least it always proves an 'alternative.' While lately travelling from London to Belfast, on quitting the coach, at Donogal Arms, he missed his sovereign balm, and called out to the Irish waiter to search the

lately abdicated vehicular conveyance, as he had left his pocket pistol behind. 'The devil a pistol can I find,' cried the searching Hibernian, 'or any thing else but this'—producing this leather covered charm. 'Why that's it, you blockhead,' exclaimed Kean, suiting the action to the word, and tasting to be convinced. Pat scented the cordial, and laughing, cried, 'Do you call that a pistol, sir? Why, then faith, though I'm a peaceable man, I would'nt mind, standing a shot or two of that pistol myself.'

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1831.

Northern Lights.—The coruscations of the Aurora Borealis, which lighted up the heavens to the north and the west, a few evenings since, were the most splendid and wonderful, that we ever beheld. Sometimes they would stream up in a brilliant column of pure light, arching over far towards the east, and sometimes the whole region of the pole star would be hung, as it were, with a curtain continually waving, displaying a variety of colours, soft and intense like a rainbow in the moon beams. We have conversed with old seamen, veterans of every latitude, but they say they never saw before so singular an appearance of these mysterious lights. Who can wonder that the sublime imaginings of Ossian placed the beatitude of the fallen heroes of Morven, in an elysium so appropriate and so glorious?

The Storm.—On Friday, the 8th inst. the whole length of the Hudson was swept by a violent storm. It blew in severe gusts during the night. No particular damage was done here, but we learn that about thirty vessels were injured in New-York, two or three of which were sunk. Most of the injury was done on the North River side. The Steamboat Nautilus was sunk at Corlaer's Hook, several chimneys were blown down in the City, and trees, &c. were prostrated. The same night, a man was blown from the deck of the Steamboat Baltimore, going from Newburg to New-York, and was drowned. Another was blown from the State Prison Dock into the river, but he was saved.

VOLUME EIGHT

OF THE

RURAL REPOSITORY,

Or Bower of Literature;

Embellished Quarterly, with a Fine Engraving.

Devoted exclusively to Polite Literature, comprised in the following subjects: Original and Select Tales, Essays, American and Foreign Biography, Travels, History, Notices of New Publications, Summary of News, Original and Select Poetry, Amusing Miscellany, Humorous and Historical Anecdotes, &c. &c.

On commencing a new volume the publisher pledges himself to his patrons that his unremitting endeavours shall be exerted to meet their expectations. The Repository will continue to be conducted on the same plan and afforded at the same convenient rate, which he has reason to believe has hitherto given it so wide a circulation; and such a durable and flattering popularity as has rendered it a favourite and amusing visitor during the seven years of its publication. As its correspondents are daily increasing and several highly talented individuals, with the benefit of whose literary labours he has not heretofore been favoured, and whose writings would reflect honour upon any periodical, have engaged to contribute to its columns, he flatters himself that their communications and the prizes offered below, together with the best periodicals of the day, with which he is regularly supplied, will furnish him with ample materials for enlivening its pages with that variety expected in works of this nature.

It must be acknowledged that the Repository is one of the cheapest journals extant. Arrangements have been made to have the engravings executed by the best artists. A fine view of the City of Hudson, the River and surrounding Scenery will accompany the first number.

LITERARY PREMIUMS.

The publisher of the RURAL REPOSITORY desirous of presenting his patrons with original matter worthy the extensive patronage hitherto received, of encouraging literary talent and of exciting a

spirit of emulation among his old correspondents, and others who are in the habit of writing for the various periodicals of the day, is induced to offer the following Premiums, which he flatters himself they will consider deserving of their notice.

For the best ORIGINAL TALE (to occupy not less than three pages of the Repository) \$20.

For the second best, the Tokens for 1830 and 31, and the third, fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh volumes of the Repository, handsomely bound.

For the third do. the Talisman for 1830, and the fifth, sixth and seventh volumes of the Repository.

For the best POEM, not less than forty nor over a hundred lines, \$5.

For the second best, the Atlantic Souvenir for 1831, and the fifth, sixth and seventh volumes of the Repository, handsomely bound.

For the third do. the fifth, sixth and seventh volumes of the Repository.

Communications intended for the prizes must be directed (post paid) to William B. Stoddard, Hudson, N. Y. and forwarded previous to the first of July next—each enclosing a sealed envelope of the name and residence of the writer, which will not be opened, except attached to a piece entitled to one of the prizes. The merits of the pieces will be determined by a Committee of Literary Gentlemen selected for the purpose.

CONDITIONS.

The Rural Repository will be published every other Saturday, on Super Royal paper of a superior quality, and will contain twenty-six numbers, of eight pages each, besides four plates, a title page and index to the volume, making in the whole, 212 pages, Octavo. It shall be printed in handsome style, on a good and fair type, making a neat and tasteful volume at the end of the year, containing matter, that will be instructive and profitable for youth in future years.

The Eighth Volume (Fourth Volume New Series) will commence on the 4th of June next, at the low rate of One Dollar per annum, payable in all cases in advance. Those who will forward as Five Dollars free of postage, shall receive six copies, and any person who will remit us Sixteen Dollars, shall receive twenty copies for one year—reducing the price to Eighty Cents per volume; and any person who will remit Twenty Dollars, shall receive Twenty Five copies and a set of Sturm's Reflections for every Day in the year, handsomely bound. All the previous volumes, except the first and second, will be furnished to those who obtain subscribers, at the same rate. No subscription received for less than one year.

Names of the Subscribers with the amount of the subscriptions to be sent by the 15th of June, or as soon after as convenient, to the publisher, William B. Stoddard, No. 133, corner of Warren and Third Streets, Hudson, N. Y.

March 26, 1831.

Editors, who will give the above a few insertions, shall receive the third or the sixth volume, as a compensation, and the next in exchange; those, who consider the whole too long for insertion, and wish to exchange only, are respectfully requested to publish the part relating to premiums, give the rest at least a passing notice, and receive Subscriptions.

SUMMARY.

Joseph Bonaparte, (Count Survilliers) has appointed a gentleman of Bordentown, his almoner, to supply indigent persons in that borough with flour and wood.

We are requested (says the Albany Argus of yesterday) to state, that the Delaware and Hudson Canal will be open for navigation on the 20th of April.

The Legislature of Ohio, at its late session, passed an act to prohibit the circulation of foreign Bank Notes of a less denomination than \$5. in that State. Also, an act 'To prevent kidnapping.'

The Providence Journal of Saturday says—The freight of Cotton alone, imported into that port the last week, amounted to twenty thousand dollars.

Maine has co-operated with Massachusetts in an application to Congress for a Militia System. If one is obtained, its 'little finger' may equal the 'thigh' of the State System.

Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road.—Four Cars, carrying 100 barrels of flour, were, on Tuesday last drawn by one horse from Ellicott's Mills to the Relay House, a distance of six miles, at the rate of seven miles an hour. The horse was not the least distressed.

The amount of property left in pledge with twelve pawn-brokers in New-York, during the year ending January, 1831, was 108,000 dollars. Among the articles pledged, were no less than 120,000 garments, and 16,000 sheets, blankets, and counterpanes.

MARRIED.

In this city, on the 7th inst. Mr. Austin Stocking, to Miss Harriet Bowman.

On Wednesday the 6th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Whitcomb, Mr. Godfrey, of Coxsackie, to Mrs. Mary Brown, of this city.

At New-York, by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Onderdonk, the Hon. Thomas J. Oakley, to Matilda Caroline, daughter of the late Henry Cruger, Esq.

In Christ Church, New-York, by the Rev. Dr. Lyell, William Hyde, Esq. to Miss Jane Van Buskirk, of Athens.

In Kinderhook, on the 29th ult. by the Rev. J. Burger, Mr. Aaron Miller, of Claverack, to Miss Lovina Pultz, of the former place.

In Centerville, on the 7th inst. by the same, Doct Richard Henry Mesick, to Miss Lovina L. Diedrick, both of Centerville.

In Chatham, on the 7th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Roberts, Mr. John Hogeboom to Miss Mehitabel Miller.

At Claverack, on the 12th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Slayter, Mr. Waldo Pool, of Abington, to Miss Elizabeth C. Studley, of Claverack.

DIED.

In this city, on the 14th inst. Jared Coffin, Esq. in the 76th year of his age.

On the 16th inst. Mr. John Van Rensselaer, aged 65 years.



POETRY.

BREATHINGS OF SPRING.

What wak'st thou Spring? Sweet voices in the woods,
And reed-like echoes that have long been mute;
Thou bringest back to fill the solitudes,
The lark's clear pipe,—the cuckoo's voiceless flute,
Whose tone seems breathing mournfulness or glee,
E'en as our hearts may be.—

And the leaves greet thee, Spring! the joyous leaves.
Whose tremblings gladden many a copse and glade,
Where each young spray a rosy flush receives,
When thy south wind hath pierced the whispering shade
And happy murmurs running through the grass,
Tell that thy footsteps pass.—

And the bright waters—they too hear thy call,
Spring the awakener! thou hast burst their sleep;
Amidst the hollows of the rocks their fall
Makes melody, and in the forest deep
Where diamonds sparkle, and blue gleams betray
Their sudden windings to the day.

And flowers,—the fairy-peopled world of flowers!
Thou from the dust hast set their glory free,
Coloring the cowslips with thy sunny hues,
And pencilling the wood anemone:
Silent they seem, yet each, to thoughtful eye,
Glows with mute poetry.

But what awake'st thou in the heart? Oh Spring!
The human heart with all its dreams and sighs?
Thou that giv'st back so many a buried thing,
Restorer of forgotten harmonies!
Fresh songs and scents break forth where'er thou art,
What wak'st thou in the heart?

Vain longings for the dead!—why come they back
With the young birds and leaves and living blooms?
Oh! is it not that from thy earthly track
Hope to the world may look beyond the tombs?
Yes! gentle Spring; no sorrow dims thine air,
Breathed by our lov'd ones there!

THE ACCEPTED.

BY THOMAS H. BAYLY.

I thank you for that downcast look,
And for that blushing cheek:
I would not have you raise your eyes,
I would not have you speak:
Though mute, I deem you eloquent,
I ask no other sign,
While thus your little hand remains
Confidingly in mine.

I know you fain would hide from me
The tell-tale tears that steal
Unbidden forth, and half betray
The anxious fears you feel:
From friends long-tried and dearly loved,
The plighted bride must part:
Then freely weep—I could not love
A cold unfeeling heart.

I know you love your cottage home,
Where in the summer time,
Your hand has taught the clematis
Around the porch to climb;
Yon casement, with the wild rose screen,
You little garden too,
How many fond remembrances
Endear them all to you.

You sigh to leave your mother's roof,
Though on my suit she smiled,
And spurning ev'ry selfish thought,
Gave up her darling child:
Sigh not for her, she now may claim
Kind deeds from more than one;
She'll gaze upon her Daughter's smiles,
Supported by her Son!

I thank you for that look—it speaks
Reliance on my truth;
And never shall unkindness wound
Your unsuspecting youth;
If fate should frown, and anxious thoughts
Oppress your husband's mind,
Oh! never fear to cling to me,—
I could not be unkind.

Come, look upon this golden ring—
You have no cause to shrink,
Though oft 'tis galling as the slave's
Indissoluble link!
And look upon yon Church, the place
Of blessing and of prayer:
Before the altar hear my vows—
Who could dissemble there!

Come to my home; your bird shall have
As tranquil a retreat:
Your dog shall find a resting place,
And slumber at your feet:
And while you turn your spinning wheel,
Oh! let me hear you sing,
Or I shall think you cease to love
Your little golden ring.

ENIGMAS.

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.

My age as you suppose to be sixteen,
Take 6, and 10 there will remain,
And from my father's 6 and 30 years,
Take 6, and 30 will be left appears:
This question solv'd I'm sure you will incline
To think my father's age, just three times mine.
PUZZLE II.—Because they are under lashes.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

My first is an animal's name;
Again, 'tis expressive of spite,
Or a temper that's tinctur'd with blame,
Either pettish, or gloomy as night.
My second a serpent resembles,
And yet may be found in the sky;
Round my whole when a party assembles
Both mirth and good-humour are nigh

II.

Why is a patrimony like a bed out of a window?

SHAKERS' GARDEN SEEDS.

For sale at A. Stoddard's Bookstore.

The Public are respectfully informed that these seeds were raised the last season, by the United Society, at New-Lebanon, whose seeds have generally proved superior to any brought to this market, and are warranted to be as good as any sold in this state. Also, just received a general assortment of

Clarinets, Flutes and Fifes,

With Preceptors for the Flute and Fife, containing all the most popular airs.

RURAL REPOSITORY,

Is printed and published every other Saturday at One Dollar per annum, payable in advance, by WILLIAM B. STODDARD, at Ashbel Stoddard's Printing Office and Book Store, No. 135, Corner of Warren and Third Streets, Hudson, N. Y.—where communications may be left, or transmitted through the post office. All Orders and Communications must be post paid to receive attention.